

Novelized From the Exciting Play of the Same Name By BERTRAND BABCOCK

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in here until Monday."

be went on gloomly,

"Good gracious?

Thousand's a certainty.

"Bud news."

vasily rewarded.

your hand.

other. "If it comes off I'll sit and held

Directly beneath Lambert and in the

Beamish Mrs. D'Aquilla sented berself

"Well, sit and talk quickly," she said.

and motioned the captain to her side:

"I'm in a hurry. I've brought you all

I could spare." She held out a number

of banknotes to him. "Notes. I thought

Shan't ever be grateful enough," he

"Quite sure you won't," she re-

I'll give you something in return.

"That horse of Beverley-The Whip

-loss been tried-a flier-the Two

There was one moment while Sar-

toris was giving this piece of stable in-

formation when Lambert, The Whip's

trainer, had much difficulty in remem-

bering that he was an image of wax.

He theved suddenly and had great dil

ing Sartoris the thrashing he knew he

healty in not leaving his perch and giv-

deserved. But he believed that, since

they were now on the subject of his

beloved horse, his patience would be

Mrs. D'Aquilla had not seemed star-

"That doesn't sound bad," she said.

"No chance," came from the captain.

"Di must have told Brancaster, for he

caught Kelly, the big bookmaker, half

drunk and off his guard and rushed

him with three big bets. If The Whip

of gloom, now thoroughly aroused.

"Brancaster," she exclaimed in a roice

"Yes. He'll have lots of money to

fight you with. If the borse gets beat

In deep and dark thought the woman

"Horses do get beat sometimes," she

"Yes," said Sartoris, equally gloomy,

That's what Kel-what a chap I know

"No, horse box on the railway," he

"I wonder how it was done," she

said in a tone that might have stood

plunge on something else. I want to

see The Whip beaten. I must see her

beaten. That's why I told you. You've

"Guarded like the sultan's harem!

"Yes, the train's the place." she said,

"How? Her lad and probably her

slip it at Mantield, where the down

"Slip it"- she said, while her

"Yes," he explained. "It's what they

thoughts were busy on some sudden

always do, don't you know, pull a

string thing that undoes the coupling-

stops at the junction while the train

asked in a way to arouse his sus-

"The slip business. What would hap-

pen if the horse box were slipped too

soon-say, Falconhurst tunnel-and left

"The next train would see the red

"The jockey," she suggested.

musingly, getting to her feet.

express will pick it up"-

problem.

piclous ...

"What?"

runs through "-

standing on the line?"

Puzzled, Sarioris also arose.

the Leger he got burned in his hox."

"In his stable?" she asked.

sinister it was.

got quick wits"-

"Honest idiot."

Beverley's pet fud."

"The stable?"

"If one had a bit on at, say, twenty"-

fled at what Sartoris had said.

wins he'll win a fortune."

he'll be nearly broke?"

"Mow sweet of you. What is it?"

over ment 200-toward that

CHAPTER XI.

Locked in the Chamber of Horrors. the benille retreat of the Hon, Mrs. Beamish Tom Lamherr laughed long and loud vepesting some of her phrases of same spot formerly occupied by Mrs. pity for the old woman who had robbed

Finally, his mirrh over, he put one leg partially across the jury box rail. intending to leave the place, seek out Mrs. Beamish and have a good haugh at her expense. But the voices of Sartoris and Mrs. D'Aonlin outside deterred him and again froze his face to a likeness of his conception of wax. The new Dr. Crippen was quite immovable when Sartoris and the woman who maintained that she was the wife of Brancaster came into the chamber of horrors.

"We shall be all right here," she said. "I suppose there's no chance of our getting shut in. There's a notice here about the bydraulic door closing automatically after the bell rings." Springis Inverted.

"Only to frighten the funnsions," he responded, 'and add to the norrers. If !



The New Dr. Crippen Was Quite Immovable.

it did close they'd hear as shout, I ex-

The chance of it had impressed the Said. When Klarikoff was favorite for woman.

"They wouldn't." she said. "I no-

ticed that. There's a muilled door beyond, and on the last stroke of the returned. clock every attendant will be rushing out for a last drink. Saturday night. you know. I don't want to be locked

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There was a world of potential tragedy in the woman's voice as with the smile of a destiny of evil she went on: "But-in the-dark-it will be darkif some one had dropped off the tail light before the next train could stop?" "The box would be smashed." he

said dazedly. "And the horse?" She paused for a full moment. Then she went on:

"The train does not run fast through the tunnel. I've been there dozens of times. I've seen guards do the thing. It's easy enough-to swing from carriage to carriage-along the foot plate -to drop off the red tall light-to pull the slip-and yet the next train"-With her hands brought violently

together she let inference finish her sentence for her. "Whom could one trust?" demanded

Sartoris suddenly. "When I've work to do," she said, "I only trust myself."

"But you couldn't"- he began. "No, but you could-easily-if you joined it farther north and none knew any cigars with him! it-you could do it-if you want it done so badly and you have the

of the bell which gave notice that the hydraulic door would close shortly.

"Ah, the door!" she exclaimed. Then in a low but strong tone she

went on:

"What's going to happen? Is The Whip going to win, or will there be an secident?" They left quickly, as they did not

wish to run any risk of being locked in when there was "work to do," as she For a full half minute Lambert stared after them; then he lenned over the

fury box and shook his fist in the di-

rection of the retreating pair. "No; there won't, my pretty lady, he said aloud the solitude and the company of the waxen images inclining him to hear the sound of his own "There'll be no seedent. Why? Because that clown of a trainer Lambert will stop it-because he'll send his horse safe to the post first



"Tired of being a wax work?"

you what he heard-tell you to your face what you are '-

The second bell rang, and immediately without waiting to allow any who might be in the chamber of horrors to get out, the unseen attendant on another floor pulled a lever, and the door closed with a hard bang. Lambert was locked within the chamber of horrors, with no way of escape until Monday.

"Here, stop that," he reared as he got down from the jury box and tried to open the door, "I tell you there's some one inside-open the door at once -don't play the confounded fool. I tell you it's most important-let me out!" But he could not bulge the door. Then be put his hands to his mouth and shouted:

for the suggestion of an evil deed, so "Help, help, help," All of the lights except a few near Sartoris shrugged his shoulders. the ceiling were switched out, adding "Accident," he said in his thin voice. to the terror of the trainer's situation. "I'd give something for another." "Don't do that-don't do that!" he "You would?" she asked, in a peculiar fairly howled. "Stop it-don't leave me here in the dark-I shall go mad-"Yes." he said, frankly, "I've had a

> alone for a day and a night and another night till Monday, while"-Into his frenzied mind there came thought of The Whip. At the picture of his beloved and first member of the Beverley string lying upon some rallroad track dying, his terror increased

glone here in the dark with these-

as he cried: "They are smashing my horsethey'll smash The Whip-while I'm locked up here-they shan't-let me

out. I say-let me out " The manifold fortures of the situaclown of a trainer, Lambert, will travel tion were too much for the trainer and with her in the box on behind, and he sank down, sobbing and screaming while even the lights in the celling faded away.

Mrs. Beamish was decidedly uneasy as she sat in the morning room at Falconburst, on the evening following the locking into the chamber of horand the horse box slows 'swn and rors of Tom Lambert. Lord Beverley had been forlows when Lambert falled to appear, and Lady Di was even then "Has-has it ever gone wrong?" she at the station to see The Whip put safely into the borse box for the trip to

Newmarket. Once or twice she had been on the point of telling the marquis of Lambert's plight, but she had decided to hold her tongue. She had recognized the posing trainer almost the moment her eyes had fallen on the place in ** 1

jury box where Dr. Crippen should have been, and she had deliberately planned to stay so late in the chainber that Lambert, who knew nothing of the hydraulic door, would have no time to escape and would be obliged to remain there from Saturday night until Monday.

Now Beverley bad just left her. He had threatened to give Lumbert the sack, and she knew that the trainer's place was in danger,

Her conscience smiting her she gianced up at the clock.

"Five and twenty post 7," she said aloud in her hard, dry voice, with its not of a too abundant bumor. "Ten o'clock last night. Ten to ten's twelve bours and ten to half past seven's another nung-twenty-one hours slone in that champer or horrors! Well, serves him right, and a good lesson for him. Let him dream of his Myrtle." She tried to turn to something else.

but in spite of her her thoughts would go to Lambert.

"Poor devil," she sighed; "how hunwere on the train," she said. "If you gry he must be! I wonder if he has

And then though she had quite determined to do no such thing, her hand, almost of its own volition and with She was interrupted by the ringing , certainly no willing force from her, took up the telephone and her voice called for Mme. Tussand's,

Without much difficulty she got the place and explained to the night watchman that she had reason to believe that "a Mr. Lambert" was locked in the chamber of horrors. She held the line for a time and finally had the satisfaction of hearing a humble, discreet voice at the other end, which still had a cold defiance in it beneath the veneer of humility.

"Ah. Lambert!" she exclaimed over "They've got you out, eh? the wire. Tired of being a wax work?"

But the trainer paid no attention to the jibing quality of her tones and plunged into a recital of what he had heard while he posed as Dr. Crippen. "it's not true," she exclaimed over the wire. "You're inventing it to get at me! Tom Lambert, will you swear it is true?"

Lord Beverley entered during her concluding words and she explained rapidly to him. "What cock and bull story's this?"

be demanded. But after another short talk with Lambert she continued to Beverley. "it's time! He says he overheard a

plot to hill The Whip. They mean to uncouple the horse box at Manfield junction just the other side of the tunnel and leave it where the down express 'll run into it and smash the whole thing up.

Lord Beverley now talked with Lambert in his turn.

"If this story of yours is true, whose plot is it?" he asked. "What! Captain Sartoris! Greville! Are you mad or drunk, sir, to make such an accusation? You'll take your oath upon it? Going by the same train as The Whip -prevent the horse's starting at any cost. Yes; I'll do that."

He snapped up the receiver when they heard the whistle of the train as it left Falconhurst station. "You can't. There goes the train," Inmented Mrs. Beamish.

"Too late!" exclaimed Beverley. "I wouldn't have that horse burt three times what she stands to win. Good heavens. Betty, Harry Anson and the others-we must save them." But Mrs. Reamish was already on

her agitated but rapid way to the door. "And we will!" she eried. "It is my My stupid jealousy has led to doing. it all. It's my duty to put things straight, and I'm going to do it." "How?" quizzed the marquis.

"Give me the big motor and a couple of men," she said, "and I'll race the train and get to the tunnel first."

> CHAPTER XII. For the Honor of the Colors.

HE station employees at Falconburst station had prepared the horse hox for the reception of Lord . Beverley's pride rather hurriedly, for they were anxious to see the car attached to the train, which, having arrived ahead of its time, was being held, for they knew that once through the tunnel the down express would be only three minutes behind them. They had set the red

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tail light and arranged the slip cord passed to the end of the horse box. -- in the wax works?" she countered. which would release the coupler when Quickly he raised the tail light and "Your own fault. Why did you go it was pulled, and now they were waiting for The Whip to be led aboard.

Lady Diana and Harry Anson were head while the girl said her goodbys to the racer she loved and upon whose successful performance at Newmarket depended so much.

"Goodby," she whispered to the horse softly. "You're to run your first great race. Win it; win it, for you're carrying my heart!" Almost it seemed as though The Whip

understood, for she caressed with her muzzle the hand of the girl. Then Lady Diana turned to the

jockey, "Goodby, Harry!" she said. "Go and win-for the honor of the stable-for the honor of our colors-and-for me! God bless you both and good luck!" And then she stood aside. Rapidly

Harry and the porters led The Whip into the car which had already been



The Horse Box and Its Freight Drop-

ped Dehind. bedded down. Then while Harry waved his hand and Lady Diana and the rest on the platform responded, the train which had backed down bore off the car and its own load of passengers. Harry, who knew that the succeeding days would be of great activity. went to bed in his bunk in the compartment in one end of the little odd English car, while the train attained high rate of speed and entered Falconhuist tunnel.

He promised himself that he would keep one eye on the horse, even while the train was in motion and but little danger was to be apprehended from those to whose interest it might be to try and harm The Whip, but he soon

They were in the tunnel when Captain Sartoris opened a door of a carringe which he had quite to himself. He had joined the train further to the north of Falconburst and none of the Now in the blackness of the tunnel

he crept along the foot plate which ran just below the side doors and which had given opportunity for many a crime. While the passengers were absolute-

ly unconscious of his turching progress past them he crept along the train. clinging and swaying. In this fashion he passed by the door of a compartment in which the morose Verner Hasim was thinking of him at that very moment and homenting to himself weakly that we had been drawn into a outh whose beans he could not see Perhaps the presence of the man.

who had become in a sense his master. was realized subconsciously by the elergyman, for at the moment that Sartoris passed by his compartment the shoulders of the substitute vicar were drawn up Into a shrug and shindder. But to his conscious mind there came

Eartoris, while not a crack, was nevertheless something of an athlete, and I the passage on the footplate gave him no particular concern, once he had accustomed himself to the swaying and the exact compterpoise it was nec essary to impart to his hwa body.

Now he stood at the very end of the tootplate which was on the carringe next the horse box. Soon he had

swing it in a circle for a few seconds. | there?" He wished to burl it in such a way that the fame would surely be extin- sullenly, be given to the train behind which this woman of terments. "Why should was to complete his project.

He realized that if he merely dropped the lantern to the line there was a he said. bare possibility that it would continue

His semicircular swings were justified a moment later, when he flung the lamp to the line, for there was a sudden impact, and then no light showed. With one foot resting upon the carriage and one upon the horse box, he prifed the slip cord and had the instant pleasure of seeing the horse box and its freitht drop behind.

The Whip would not run. The race would be lost. He would be saved from Kelly's clutches. Brancaster would be impoverished and the marriage of Lady Diana and Brancaster put far off.

Quietly he slipped along the footplate and regained his own carriage and compartment without his absence having been noted. With a speed that gradually fell

away the horse box, with The Whip inside and Harry fast asleep, rumbled through the tunnel and came to a stop on the main line, directly in the path of the first train which should come along, near Manfield junction. The whistle and the sounds of the

rapid approach through the tunnel of the down express came very plainly through the darkness, just as a motor containing two men and Mrs. Beamish dashed around a bend in the road and came to a palpitating, panting stop near the horse box and at one side of the line. Mrs. Beamish and her two escorts

from the establishment below stairs at Falconburst darted across the line and pounded upon the door of the borse box as the train in the tunnel moved nearer and nearer. Finally Harry put his head out of

window and the frenzied voice of Mrs. Beamish came to him: "Quick, Harry! The down express's

on you! You're cut off and The Whip and you'll be killed!" she shouted above the roar of the oncoming train. Harry cast one glance behind him,

saw the rushing express and then threw down the sidedoor of the borse box.

The Whip was led across the line and to safety under the very glare of the headlight of the express. Not a second after this the engine of the express ploughed into the car just left by Harry and The Whip and was derailed, while the engine driver feli.

badly burt, to the ground. The light impediment of the horse box served to derail several of the carriages behind, which had been traveling at high speed, and a number of passengers were burled out or thrown violently against partitions and other immovable objects with the train.

Amid escaping steam and a fire. which had started among the wreckage, the work of succor was begun.

Among those who labored none worked with greater courage than the Rev. Verner Haslam. His train had been stopped after the crash and had bucked down to render aid. It was be who crawled among the splintered, burning mass on the line to bring out many of the children who had been in disguise." the express.

day before the great race The Whip full of horrors." made her triumphal entry into Newmarket. The march toward what all she snapped. in the Beverley stables felt to be vic- stast for one moment I sank to rest Faiconhurst people had known that he | tory ended for the day when the racer | and found my head in the lap of the was escorted by touts, raving men man that was being electrocuted. Just tipaters and youngsters into the yard think of me all alone with those murof the Rutland Arms hotel, with sev- devers. I cried myself to sleep, and eral policemen to keep the crowd at a when that man that you sent to un-

> horse upon which so much of her hap murder's waistcoat. That's what I piness depended and the animal had had for a night's piensure, and that's been led into the box in which all of what you call a blessing." the Beveriey winners had been quar- Further regital of his night of hortered. Tom Landert and Mrs. Beam- rors was ended by the appearance in ish were alone in the great yard of the the yard of Sargoris. Lambert wanted

she went into the hostelry that The "where he ought to be but never was, Whip would surely murch to victory with his horse." on the following day, and now that they were alone the framer turned savagely upon the humbled and contrite Mrs. Beamlish.

"And if it isn't victory " snorted Lambert to Mrs. Beamish, "it will be your says: "Dr. Detenon's Relief tofault. Mrs. Beamish." "Mine!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. Do you think is did our crack any good to gallap her over milroad lines and sleepers?

"There was no time to put down a Brussels carpet," she responded in her voice of acid. "Did you want me to leave her in the bax?"

"I dld not want you to leave me be the wrong box," said the trainer with dignity.

"For an evening's pleasure," he said standing at the intelligent animal's guished, as he wanted no warning to "Well, you got it, didn't you?" said

> you be ashained of it and hide?" "Because you've a suspicious mind."

> "Because you've a guilty one," she shot back at him. The passage through the yard of

Harry Anson gave him an idea. "Stop that, Betty." he said sternly. 'It isn't a thing for loking."

Then he beckoned Harry to him. "Harry, my lad," he said, "if you can, just speak up what you've got to say." The boy could and did at once. "I want to thank you, ma'am," be

said vigorously. "for what you did last night-for saving my life. If it hadn't been for you my sister would have been left alone in the world, alone in her trouble"-"Trouble?" asked the older woman with a suspicious eye upon Lambert. "Yes, ma'am. Wrong there has been,"

answered Harry, "and shame, but it wasn't from Tom Lambert it came-

but from the same hand as tried to wreck The Whip last night." "From Captain Sartoris?" she half questioned, half gasped. "Yes, that's him," returned the jock-

ey; "him as wanted me to pull that horse-him as would have ruined meas he's ruined her-my sister." Mrs. Beamish was dumfounded, but surprised as she was she managed to

get a firm grip upon herself and comforted the boy. With her hand on his shoulder she said: "My boy, my boy, I'm very, very sor

ry. If there is anything I can do-if presently Myrtle can have a new start in a new land"-

"Oh, ma'am, if it only could be!" the jockey said hopefully and longingly. "It shall be," she answered, without daring to look at Lambert. "I know

that I can promise as much as that for Lord Beverley." "Thank you, ma'am, from my heart

and hers," the jockey said. Harry Anson had fully served the purpose of the triumphant Tom Lambert, and he now found Harry only an obstacle in the path he planned to tread with-another.

"There, there, that'll do, my lad," he said kindly, but firmly and finally. "You go and look after your horse." When they were alone once more

Mrs. Beamish walked frankly to Tom, holding out her hand. But he turned scornfully away. "Tom, I'm sorry"-she began, But he was looking far from her.

"Can't you take a hand when it's

held out to you?" she said. Lambert shook his head. "I was not suspicious, only jealous," she said, "and there's no love without

jenlousy." "Then I don't want love; I want comfort," returned Lambert. "I want comfort, carpet slippers and common sense-if the worst had bappened it would have lain at your door. Yes, your door and the door of the chamber of horrors-if you had not got me

locked in."

toris said," she took him up. "And then the horse would have been smashed. It was really a blessing in "A blessing," he said, angrily, "you

"You wouldn't have heard what Sar-

call it a blooming blessing to be locked On the day after the wreck and the up for twenty-four hours with a room

"What do you want-suffragettes?"

safe distance from the pride of Bever- lock the door found me, there I was sleeping like a new born babe with my After Lady Diana and greeted the head carled up in the middle of a

a word with him, and Mrs. Benmish Lady Diana had excluded perore left him saying that he would find her.

(To be Continued Next Wednesday.)

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